MOTHER EARTH

Vol. X. January, 1916 No. 11

CONTENTS

	Page
Donald Vose; The Accursed Emma Goldman	353
Observations and Comments	358
Not Guilty Margaret Sanger	363
Salute Mother Earth Alexander Berkman	365
Three Hundred and Twenty-One Lectures Ben L. Reitman, M.D.	366
The Blast Alexander Berkman	369
Free Thought and Socialism Walter Merchant	370
Revolt	372
Two Weeks Enlightenment For Chicago Ben Mandell	373
Voices From the Prison A Manifesto from Europe	376
A Brief Sojourn Sol Davis	379
The Harbor Lee J. Smits	382

EMMA GOLDMAN, - - Publisher and Editor
Office: 20 East 125th Street, New York City
Telephone, Harlem 6194

Price, 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

Digitized by Google HARVARD UNIVERSITY

EMMA GOLDMAN'S Lectures in the East

in NEW YORK CITY

At the Harlem Masonic Temple
310 Lenox Avenue, Bet. 125th and 126th Sts.

SUBJECTS:

Sunday, January 9th, 8 P. M.
"Preparedness. A Conspiracy Between the Munition Manufacturers and Washington.
Sunday, January 16th, 8 P. M.
"The Right of the Child Not To Be Born."
Sunday, January 23rd, 8 P. M.
"The Message of Anarchism."
Sunday, January 30th, 8 P. M.
"The Philosophy of Atheism."

in PHILADELPHIA

At the North Broad Street Drawing Rooms
715 North Broad St. (near Fairmount Ave.)

SUBJECTS:

Tuesday, January 11th, 8 P. M.
"Victims of Morality."
Tuesday, January 18th, 8. P. M.
"The Message of Anarchism."
Tuesday, January 25th, 8 P. M.
"Misconceptions of Free Love."
Tuesday, February 1st, 8 P. M.
"The Philosophy of Atheism."

in WASHINGTON, D. C.

First Lecture at Perpetual Building Association Hall
11th and E. St., N. W.

DRAMA COURSE:

Wednesday, January 19th—
The Scandinavian Drama.

The other five will take place as follows:
At the Arcade Hall, 14th St. and Park Road, N. W.

Wednesday, January 26th—
The German Drama.
Wednesday, February 2nd—
The French Drama.
Wednesday, February 9th—
The English Drama.

in PITTSBURGH, PA.

Conservatory of Music, 128 Dithridge St.

Thursday, January 20th—
The Scandinavian Drama
Thursday, January 27th—
The German Drama
Thursday, February 3rd—
The French Drama.
Thursday, February 10th—
The English Drama.

Complete circulars of all meetings to be had at MOTHER EARTH Office. Friends in each city can help much by distributing cards.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature
Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher and Editor, 20 East 125th Street. New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. X **JANUARY, 1916** **No. 11**

DONALD VOSE: THE ACCURSED

By Emma Goldman

EIGHTEEN years ago I made my second lecture tour to the Pacific Coast. While in Oregon I was invited to Scio, Oregon, a small hamlet. The comrade who arranged the meeting and with whom I stayed while in Scio was Gertie Vose.

I had heard of Gertie through the pages of *Fire Brand and Free Society*, from a number of friends, and a few letters exchanged with her. As a result I was eager to meet the woman who, in those days, was one of the few unusual American characters in the radical movement. I found Gertie to be even more than I had expected,—a fighter, a defiant, strong personality, a tender hostess and a devoted mother. She had with her at the time her six year old son, Donald Vose. Another child, a girl, lived with her father, a Mr. Meserve, from whom Gertie had separated.

The stress and travail of life interrupted a correspondence which was a great inspiration for a number of years after my visit. But I knew Gertie Vose had taken up land in the Home Colony at Lake Bay, Washington, and that her son was with her; that she continued to be the fighter when the occasion demanded. Between 1898 and 1907 I did not get to the Coast and when I finally revisited the Home Colony about six years ago, Gertie Vose was away and so was her son.

In May, 1914, while in Los Angeles, I was informed from MOTHER EARTH office that Donald Vose, the son of

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Gertie Vose, had come to our quarters with a letter from his mother begging that we befriend her boy, since he had no one else in New York. MOTHER EARTH was then installed in a large house and as we rented out rooms, it was perfectly natural that our Comrade Berkman, in my absence, should have taken Donald Vose into the house. But even if we had lived in small quarters, we should have been willing to share them with a child of Gertie Vose; she who had been my friend for years; she who had been one of the greatest supporters to Berkman in his terrible prison days. How could we refuse her child?

In August of 1914, while in Seattle, I went over to the Home Colony and there was again entertained by Gertie Vose. We talked of the old days and old friends. There I learned how cruelly hard life had been with Gertie; how it had whipped her body, but her spirit was the same, though more mellowed by disappointment, by pain and sorrow. Her one great joy, however, was that her boy had finally gotten into the right atmosphere, that now he would become a man active in the movement. She told me of the glowing reports he was writing about Berk (as he called Berkman), the unemployed and anti-military activities in New York at the time and how interested Donald had become. Poor Gertie Vose! Like the last ray of the dying sun, clinging to the horizon, so Gertie,—old, worn, bruised, beaten,—clung to her son in the hope that he would fulfil her aspiration for humanity. How tragically blind motherhood is; how alien to the soul of its own creation!

I returned to New York, September 15th, 1914. I found confusion, entanglements and burdens in MOTHER EARTH. To save the situation the house had to be given up and our whole life reorganized. The stress and strain of the situation absorbed me completely. I forgot even that the son of Gertie Vose was living in the house. I reproached myself for such neglect of him. One evening I went to his room and there for the first time in eighteen years saw the boy I had met as a child of six. My first impression of Donald Vose was not agreeable; perhaps because of his high pitched, thin voice and shifting eyes. But he was Gertie's son, out of work, wretchedly clad, unhealthy in appearance. I stifled my aversion

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

and told him that as I was about to give up the house, he might go to the little farm on the Hudson belonging to a friend of ours which I had been permitted to use for a number of years. (This farm, like a ghost, is traveling the country as E. G.'s estate.)

He said that as a matter of fact he had planned to leave for the Home Colony earlier in the summer, but at that time he was waiting for Berkman, who had contemplated a Western trip and was prevented from doing so through the Anti-Military and unemployed agitation. Later Donald Vose lost his job as a chauffeur and was now expecting money to take him West. The main thing, however, which delayed his departure from New York, Donald said, was the message given to him by some one in Washington for M. A. Schmidt, the delivery of which was imperative.

Fate works inexorably. The last Saturday in September Matthew A. Schmidt called at the house to meet a few friends, Lincoln Steffens and Hutchins Hapgood, Alexander Berkman and Eleanor Fitzgerald made up the party of that afternoon. Matthew Schmidt was about to leave when Doald Vose returned to his room. With him was Terry Carlin. I told Schmidt that Donald Vose had a letter for him from a friend in Washington, whereupon Schmidt asked to see Donald and also Carlin, whom he had known in California. The meeting of the three men took place in the presence of the other guests and lasted not more than ten minutes. The conversation was general. Schmidt departed and nothing more was thought of his meeting with Vose.

A few days later we moved to 20 East 125th Street. Donald and Carlin went to the farm. I saw Donald Vose after that only when he would call for mail, as my time and energy were taken up with a new course of lectures and the daily grind of the readjustment to our new and hard mode of life. The third week in October I left on a lecture tour which brought me back to New York the 24th of December, 1914. From that time on persistent rumors came to me about Donald Vose spending a great deal of money on drink though he was not working. Yet he continued to look shabby and would often sit for a long time in the office "to warm up," as he stated. He did not even have an overcoat. When I

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

asked him why he did not get warm clothing, he replied: "I am waiting for my check from Washington." Yet during all that time Donald Vose was dissipating with nearly everyone who was willing to carouse with him.

The situation become altogether too suspicious. I wrote to friends in Washington and after a long delay received a reply that no one was sending Donald money. A week later he left for the Coast. Shortly after that Matthew A. Schmidt and David Caplan were arrested. At once we realized that Donald Vose was the Judas Iscariot. Still so appalling is the thought of suspecting anyone of such a dastardly act, that even after the arrest, I hated myself for harboring such suspicions against the child of Gertie Vose.

Soon positive proofs came from the Coast. It was Donald Vose who coldbloodedly, deliberately betrayed the two men. They who had been his friends; David Caplan who had shared his hearth, his bread, his all with him for two weeks; had betrayed Matthew A. Schmidt, who had befriended him in New York. The thing was altogether too awful. It was the most terrible blow in my public life of twenty-five years. Terrible because of the mother of that cur; terrible because he had grown up in a radical atmosphere, above all terrible that he had been under my roof and that he had met one of his innocent victims in my house.

It is of little consolation that it was utterly impossible to suspect a child of Gertie Vose, recommended by her and kindly spoken of by many people on the coast. For to do such a thing means to suspect one's own shadow. Nor could I console myself with the fact that if Wm. J. Burns had not found Donald, some other despicable tool would have lured our comrades into the net. All that cannot lessen the horror that was mine all year. At least I wanted it known through MOTHER EARTH that Donald Vose met M. A. Schmidt in my house and that it was Donald Vose who had sold him as well as David Caplan.

I shall not now describe my torture, agony, and disgust since the arrest of our comrades. Gladly would I give ten years of my life if Donald Vose had never stepped over my threshhold. But what did his victims do; Matthew A. Schmidt and David Caplan? They who

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

have been described as murderers; Schmidt who was convicted before he was tried! They begged me, yes, insisted, even as late as last month, that MOTHER EARTH should not expose Donald Vose. They had broken bread with him and they would not brand him for life as the sneak-thief who had stolen into their hearts and then turned them over, sold them for a few peaces of silver.

Thus my hands were tied and MOTHER EARTH was gagged. But now that the spy himself has spoken, that he has brazenly taken the stand and face to face with Matthew A. Schmidt has testified in open court that since May, 1914, he was in the employ of W. J. Burns, that he was sent by the latter to New York to trail Schmidt, that he was coached to pose as a radical and that under false pretense he obtained his mother's letter of introduction to Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman. I must acquaint the readers of MOTHER EARTH with the fact that Donald Vose is the liar, traitor, spy who has deceived everyone, myself included, and has used everybody's credulity as a shield to cover his dastardly crime.

Donald Vose you are a liar, traitor, spy. You have lied away the liberty and life of our comrades. Yet not they but you will suffer the penalty. You will roam the earth accursed, shunned and hated; a burden unto yourself, with the shadow of M. A. Schmidt and David Caplan ever at your heels unto the last.

And you Gertie Vose, unfortunate mother of your ill-begotten son—? My heart goes out to you Gertie Vose. I know you are not to blame. What will you do? Will you excuse the inexcusable? Will you gloss over the heinous? Or will you be like the heroic figure in Gorky's Mother? Will you save the people from your traitor son? Be brave Gertie Vose, be brave!

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THERE is one New Year's resolution really worth while which has to be impressed upon the minds and hearts of men and women who are determined to fight on until liberty, in place of slavery and justice, instead of coercion and bondage, are established. This resolution emphasizes the necessity of a revolutionary attitude toward the established institutions and their powers.

We must learn to disregard and disobey the commands of these powers and institutions. New ideas must assert themselves in new ways of life, in action, else they grow pale and emaciated. Let us resolve to emancipate, to separate ourselves from statutes and dead rules in every walk of life. Let us make our own conscience the leading principle of our lives.

* * *

THE jury in the trial of M. A. Schmidt at Los Angeles has done the trick which was expected of it by the Manufacturers' Association, by the prosecution, and by the court. After a very brief deliberation it rendered the verdict "guilty" with a recommendation to the judge for a life sentence.

For nearly three months the farce has dragged on. Week after week was spent in piling up "evidence" that had no bearing on the indictment whatever. The stage play of an alleged "great Eastern conspiracy" was enacted. True, Schmidt had nothing to do with it, but the court admitted this kind of evidence day after day. It probably had an effect on the jurors, in as much as they imagined that a gigantic conspiracy, was spreading from the East to the West, threatening the country and its sacred institutions. They listened to McManigal of the West, to Davies, "the McManigal of the East" and to other stool pigeons as though their rotten souls were the fountains of truth, the very pillars of justice.

Such an assembly of professional detectives, amateur spies, of bribed, assiduous liars who, parrot-like, repeated the sentences the chief man-hunters had taught them, the world has seldom seen. And it was this scum of the Judas tribe that furnished the material for the conviction of our friend Schmidt. If the courts really were the homes of justice, not even a cat would be condemned by

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

them on the testimony of fellows like McManigal and Donald Vose.

Another feature of the trial, very much to be regretted, was the inability or the unwillingness of the defense to explain and to make clear the social significance of the struggle. In the persons of Schmidt and Caplan the labor movement and the militant spirit of labor are on trial. Two worlds clash, that of exploitation, oppression and that of the modern slaves. The conflict is inevitable but the battle is not fought on equal terms. Exploitation and oppression, besides being economically far stronger, have the powers of government, the forces of so-called law and order with them, while labor, chained to the rock of misery and dependence, is handicapped on all sides.

Schmidt and Caplan are on trial as champions of labor. Guilty or not guilty, an able defense would have drawn before court, jury and audience the picture of the social struggle in its main aspects. This was not done and so it remains for us to say and to emphasize that M. A. Schmidt is not a "common criminal" but a fighter for social justice and freedom.

* * *

A COMMITTEE originally formed by "prominent" women for the relief of the war-sufferers in Belgium, has resolved to transform itself into an organization for propagating national preparedness. It practically means that these women are now helping to transplant to this country the very same calamity, the horrible results of which, they have pretended to mitigate and combat abroad.

* * *

THE latest champion of nationalism and militarism is Charles Edward Russell, one of the great leaders of political Socialism in this country. If his comrades run him in as presidential candidate for the next national election, he will prove much more of a militarist than Wilson, perhaps going him one better.

So frightfully concerned is Russell that Germany might carry off the shores of the Atlantic and that cunning Japan may grab the shores of the Pacific, that he will be contented with not less an armament than "that which is better than the best." Germany would then be condemned to play merely second fiddle in the international murder

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

game while this Republic could boast of a real super-German militarism.

Quite an ideal for a Socialist leader in a country where it is as possible to rationally separate races and nationalities as it is possible to unscramble scrambled eggs! To demonstrate how thoroughly the oft reiterated boast of Socialist politicians about internationalism has evaporated, Russell proudly declares that he represents Americanism and not the opinion of "Rutgers Square."

At the Socialist headquarters they must be in despair knowing as they do that without the help of Rutgers Square and of other foreign elements now so odious to the "true American patriot," political Socialism in this country would have gone to the devil long ago.

* * *

MILITARY dictatorship, now holding the largest part of the "civilized world' in its clutches, is making short work of the meagre liberties enjoyed by the people before the conflict began. Free speech and press have altogether ceased to exist. To propagate an opinion not approved by military headquarters is considered a criminal offense.

In Vienna, Austria, Comrade Rudolph Grossmann, known to many comrades in New York and Chicago, has been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment with hard labor. The charge against him was that of anti-militaristic propaganda, consisting of the publication of a new edition of an anti-militaristic pamphet that had been freely distributed and sold before the war.

Ten Socialists were arrested lately in Germany for high treason. "High treason" meaning in this case that the men have raised their voice against the continuance of the beastly wholesale slaughter, for which the wonderfully prepared European Governments are criminally responsible.

From England comes the report that a pamphlet by Comrade G. Barrett—"The Last War"—was seized in a raid at the Independent Labor Party office. The authorities ordered the dangerous pamphlet destroyed. The result of the confiscation is a second edition of "The Last War."

From Australia and New Zealand, where the Labor Party politicians rule supreme, we have reports that the

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

National Defense Acts have entirely suspended the right of free utterance by mouth or pen. Our brave old Comrade Fleming in Victoria, Australia, has been arrested several times for publicly opposing war and conscription. The threats of the police to send him to jail for a long term if he should dare to appeal to the boys not to join the army cause our comrade less annoyance than the general nationalistic stupidity. To penetrate that it really requires more than Herculeian strength.

In Wellington, New Zealand, the business place of Comrade P. Joseph was raided. The privileged raiders confiscated all propaganda literature they could find, including the latest issue of MOTHER EARTH. These are a few samples of "enlarging democratic and liberal principles through the war," principles some people profess to dream about in these days.

* * *

THE December issue of the "American Magazine" contained the tragic story of a young French teacher who refused to kill his fellowmen at the behest of the government. Paul Savigny, that's the name of the young man! When the war broke out he at first refused to enlist declaring that his business was teaching and not murder. Friends who had feared his imprisonment secured him a

position in the army where he could do clerical work and, as they thought, have no fear that he would be called to take up the active business in the trenches. He was drilled with his regiment, however, and through some mistake, or perhaps intentionally, was sent to the front with his comrades. His neighbors thought he had given up his incomprehensible ideals and that he had resigned himself to the common fate of his countrymen. But this was not the case.

A few days later Savigny reappeared at the school and told the headmaster that he had deserted on account of his ideals. He was not afraid of death, he said, and would await the authorities at the schoolhouse. He resumed his classes as though nothing had happened and was busy teaching the children when the soldiers came to arrest him.

Savigny was placed between two squads of soldiers and marched to the commandant. He was court-martialed, convicted of cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy, and condemned to be shot.

A firing squad of pale-faced reservists, who had never killed anything larger than a hare, presented their rifles. When their lieutenant, a merchant, faltered out the command a scattering volley was fired. The headmaster had been

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

present at the execution. Before Savigny fell he said to the headmaster:

"Some day France will know that I died not as a traitor or coward, but in protest against tyranny and evil and for my faith in the future regeneration of mankind."

O for a thousand, ten thousand of such "cowards!" Through their noble heroism they would do more to end this war and all other wars than all peace expeditions, peace tribunals and diplomats combined.

* * *

THOSE naive libertarians who rejoiced when the virginal body of Anthony Comstock was finally lowered into the grave will be grieved, indeed, to learn that his polluted spirit lives on in the person of John Sumner, particularly, and nearly every American institution, in general. The latest outrage perpetrated by the representative of the astral vice crusader is aimed at Alfred A. Knopf, publisher of Homo Sapiens, directed from somewhere in heaven . (The exact place is deleted by censor.) It can be taken for granted that wherever it may be it is a far more stupid place than it ever was. For since the arrival of the champion of dessicated puritanism every angel is wearing a corset and hooped skirt and God, himself, has to get a new marriage license whenever another nun appears on the scene.

Poor Sumner must have taken to heart the jibes that the W. C. T. U. and other organizations of the kind have been burdening him with for his lassitude. Not a single raid, not one conviction, not an ounce of literature or material of artistic nature has been confiscated since our much lamented comrade A. C. was taken off by the will of God. Compare Sumner's with his predecessors record where destruction was measured by the ton, convictions given in round numbers and raids were innumerable. Sumner was in grave danger of losing his job. That would be a loss, indeed. What would become of America with one institution less? Congratulations are due Mr. Knopf for giving the secretary of the society for the suppression of vice his maiden opportunity.

Incidental with the commissioner's complaint comes this prize pearl of American jurisprudence. Somebody had the temerity to suggest that Magistrate Simms read Homo Sapiens before passing judgment. Assistant District Attorney Van Castile, solicitous for the judge's ten-

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

der morals, protested in this wise: "Your honor should not be subjected to such cruel punishment. The book is utterly stupid as well as indecent."

* * *

THERE seems to be a regular renaissance of Anarchist publications. "Instead of a Magazine," Herman Kuehn, editor, 31 Prince Street, Minneapolis, Minn., has appeared bi-monthly. It is ten cents per copy, two dollars per year.

"The Alarm," published by the International Anarchist group, Chicago, Ill., began its career recently, and purports to perpetuate the spirit of "The Alarm," published by Albert Parsons before the Haymarket tragedy.

"Revolt," editor Hippolyte Havel, 63 E. 107th Street, made its first appearance on New Year's Day. It is well gotten up and contains much splendid material.

Last, but by no means least, will be "The Blast," editor Comrade Alexander Berkman, to appear January 15th.

We greet our colleagues and hope sincerely their path may prove less difficult than the thorny road of MOTHER EARTH.

* * *

WE learn from California that our faithful and generous comrade, V. Victor, died. In our next issue we will bring a pen picture of the tragic life of our friend.

Also we will have a character sketch of Joe O'Brien by Hutchins Hapgood. If MOTHER EARTH has had nothing about splendid Joe O'Brien, it was not because of indifference to the great loss incurred by his death, it was because we waited for one of Joe's friends to write an adequate tribute to his memory.

NOT GUILTY!

BY MARGARET H. SANGER

THERE seems to be considerable misapprehension among those who are interested in my coming trial. Many are under the impression that the indictments pending are for circulation of the forbidden information. This, of course, is not true. I have been indicted under Section 211 of the Federal criminal code for alleged obscenity. They were issued against me as editor and publisher of *The Woman Rebel*. My "crime" is not in giv-

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ing the information, but solely for advocating birth control. There are three indictments, based on twelve articles, eleven of which are for *printing the words*—"prevention of conception." To the elect of federal officialdom these words themselves are considered lewd, lascivious and obscene. In none of these articles is any information given—simply discussions of the subject, addressed to the working women of this country.

Many "radical" advisers have assured me that the wisest course to follow in fighting the case would be to plead "guilty" to this "obscenity" charge, and to throw myself upon the mercy of the court, which would mean, according to those familiar with the administration of "justice," a light sentence or a light fine.

It is unfortunate that so many radicals and so-called revolutionists have failed to understand that my object in this work has been to remove, or to try to remove, the term "prevention of conception" from this section of the penal code, where it has been labelled by our wise legislators as filthy, vile and obscene, and to obtain deserved currency for this valuable idea and practice.

The problem of staying out of jail or being sent to jail is merely incidental in this fight. It is discouraging to find that advanced revolutionists of this country are frantically trying to save agitators from jail sentences thereby losing sight of the real and crucial issues of the fight. If we could depend upon a strong and consistently revolutionary support in such battles, instead of weakened efforts to effect a compromise with the courts, there would be much greater stimulation for individuals to enter revolutionary activity.

To evade the issue in this case, as I have been advised, would mean to leave matters as they have been since 1872. But it is time for the people of this country to find out if the United States mails are to be available for their use, as they, in their adult intelligence may desire, or is it possible for the United States post office to constitute itself an institution for the promulgation of stupidity and ignorant tyranny.

The first step in the birth control movement or any other propaganda requiring a free press is to open the mails to the people of this country, regardless of class. Nothing can be accomplished without the free and open discussion of any subject.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

These indictments have had the effect of opening the discussion of birth control in magazines and papers of the most conservative nature, whose editors would have been horrified at the subject previous to my arrest.

When my case is called in the Federal courts* I shall enter a plea of "not guilty," in order to separate the idea of prevention of conception and birth control from the sphere of pornography, from the gutter of slime and filth where the lily-livered legislators have placed it, under the direction of the late unlamented Anthony Comstock, and in which the forces of reaction are still attempting to hold it.

* * *

*** Trial postponed for two weeks.**

From the article by Margaret Sanger, our readers will know she is among us, and that is determined to make her fight in her usual brave way. But what our readers do not know is that Margaret Sanger has gone through untold hardships the last year, and that very recently she received a staggering blow through the death of her much loved daughter, Peggy.

To face trial under such conditions requires more than ordinary strength and Margaret Sanger just now is anything but physically strong. The one thing to sustain her in this crucial moment is the moral and material support of all rebels. I therefore appeal to everyone who reads MOTHER EARTH to write to Margaret Sanger, care of E. Byrne, 26 Post Ave., New York City. Send as large a contribution as you can spare and more, for the fight will be hard and bitter. Monies already collected: E. G. Birth Control Meeting, Chicago, $40; St. Louis, $20; Indianapolis, $10; Akron, $6.50; Youngstown, $13.60; Cleveland, $21; Contribution D. Kiefer, $10; per Kiefer, $5; Van Valkenburgh, $2.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

SALUTE MOTHER EARTH!

The year just past was certainly a most eventful one. A sketch of the happenings of significance to the revolutionary movement and to MOTHER EARTH would prove very interesting.

That is what I had intended as my New Year's greeting to you, but many calls on my time have delayed my writing till I am too late, I am afraid, for the January issue.

Perhaps it may be left for another day; or may be some one more historically minded than myself has already reviewed for MOTHER EARTH the important events of 1915.

For the present, therefore, just this brief greeting to our little fighter and its faithful friends. The new year is bringing its old-new great struggles. May we all face

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

the coming year with renewed courage and determination.

This year of 1916 is to add two new fighters to the forces of revolution—*The Revolt*, in New York, and *The Blast*, in San Francisco. Strength to the rebel voices of the East and of the West.

Salute MOTHER EARTH.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE LECTURES

BY BEN L. REITMAN, M.D.

OUR subscribers who read the December reports of our Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and other meetings will think that Anarchist propagandists "have it pretty soft" running around the country meeting interesting people and having a good time in general. They will be surprised when I tell them that even our successful meetings incur so much anxiety and worry hardly commensurate with results. As to those that failed in quality and quantity the less said the better.

After our remarkable week in Pittsburgh; remarkable because of the co-operation of our friends Jake Margolis, Grace and Tom Loan, and the other comrades, Detroit and Ann Arbor seemed very tame. Yet our Comrades Gordon, Goodman and others in Detroit and Agnes Ingles in Ann Arbor worked very hard to make the meetings successful. The only interesting feature in the two cities was the attempt on the part of the Ann Arbor police to stop the lecture on Birth Control, which proved futile. Then came two tremendous meetings in Akron and Youngstown, Ohio, arranged by Sophie Shumer, as the only active spirit in Akron and Comrade Fibosowitch and several boys in Youngstown, who, not content with the one success, had two subsequent meetings in Akron and Youngstown.

After that Chicago. The dream of my life, to see E. G. in a first class theatre, was fulfilled. We had the Fine Arts Theatre for two weeks, plunged into an expense of $1,200, and while we finished as poor as we began in worldly goods, we are rich in experience and I am cured from my faith in expensive theatres. But by the

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

help and co-operation of our many comrades, among them Ben Mandell and his friend, Gussie, Margaret C. Anderson, Harriet Dean, Weininger and many others, our stay in Chicago was very worth while.

St. Louis always has fascination for me. J. Eads How and Robert Wilson are there, so is the Brotherhood Welfare Assn., where I first attended radical meetings and first heard about the I. W. W., Socialism and Anarchism. On each visit I make my annual speech for the hobos. The latter change but How and Wilson remain the same.

We had five English meetings in St. Louis at the Open Forum Hall, which after the Fine Arts Theatre was "some come down." The audience, too, was small but they were by far more spirited and interested than those in Chicago. The attendance at the Birth Control lecture was particularly gratifying because of the earnestness of the audience and the splendid discussion. As usual the Bluestones did most of the work but they were assisted by a number of others, among them two Welsh boys. The most satisfactory phase of our St. Louis visit was the sociability of the comrades. This time they made a special effort to make E. G. forget the dreariness of Forum Hall with several congenial gatherings. Thanks for them is due to Ben Kornblut.

Indianapolis was as unresponsive as ever. We missed Margaret Anderson and Deans who gave color to our meeting of last year but, at least, we had a beautiful hall for the first time. Two old-new comrades, the Steichmanns, did all in their power to help. The two meetings brought out small but interesting crowds.

Columbus! Good night! Columbus has always been hostile. Trouble with the police and with hall-keepers is the usual program. So when we read in the papers that the Mayor and police would not allow the meeting we were not surprised. The Chief of Police made this statement: "I will not allow Emma Goldman to talk against Preparedness or in favor of Birth Control. She is not a fit person to talk on such subjects. If she wants to tell how to make better business for Columbus I will permit her to lecture." You see that is not bad for a chief of police. We have met chiefs who would not allow Emma Goldman to quote the Constitution or read the Bible. We called his bluff. The hall-keper stood by

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

his contract (may his tribe increase) and the Lady of Sorrows spoke to a handful of people and six policemen. It rained the next day. Only a state capitol can be so gloomy and disconsolate. That night the subject was Birth Control. Twenty-five wet, forlorn men and women and six more policemen came to the hall. The people looked at the police, they looked at each other and huddled close to the stove. But they did not look at our books. E. G. came to the hall, cold and spiritless. Then we did that which we were seldom forced to do in our eight delightful years on the road. I announced that there would be no meeting and that the admission fee would be refunded or that whoever desired it could have books instead. Most of them took the money and one sad looking man said to his companion, "Let's go to the movies."

And yet there was a golden moment in gloomy Columbus. We called at the Grant Hospital on Mrs. Lyndell, an eighty-five year old radical, who was active in the abolitionist movement and had taken part in every radical struggle in her community since the days of Albert Parsons, whose friend she was. She had been confined to the hospital for four years; unable to take an active part in anything, unable to read even. Her meeting with E. G. was very touching, indeed. After we were there a little time the dear old lady drew from under her pillow a cloth in which was wrapped all her earthly possessions out of which she took $1.50 that she had saved from the monies given her. She gave her all to E. G. and said: "I have been saving this for a long time waiting for you to come. I want you to use it for the movement." Indeed, it was worth going to Columbus to see this wonderful old woman. What a contrast to the wealthy radicals in Columbus, whose interest in Free Speech or in any radical idea is not great enough to permit them to help a propagandist's fight for liberty.

We were glad to get out of Columbus and into a comfortable room at the Hollenden in Cleveland, where we spent a few hours. Then on to Akron for one lecture. It was a splendid meeting. Sunday we were back in dear old Cleveland, a cheerful, kindly city and such a contrast to Columbus. We had two inspiring meetings with fine collections for Margaret Sanger. Our comrades, old John

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Jacobs, faithful as ever, the Dudnik girls and Robboy, and delightful little Abbie Dudnik, the Carrs, Siegel and others helped. Last, but not least, Harry Wexler, who was "some" literature seller. He must have learned it from his sister in Washington. A Jewish meeting Monday night in a packed, stuffy hall followed. E. G. came back to the hotel ill with the grippe. After a doctor was called we packed her up and sent her to Youngstown to lecture. It was really a crime to permit this. The last meeting in Youngstown was both interesting and successful. It was delightful to meet such a splendid group of comrades there.

We have planned a most difficult winter's work. E. G. will lecture Fridays and Sundays in New York, Mondays and Tuesdays in Philadelphia, Wednesdays in Washington and Thursdays in Pittsburgh. Why this insane rush through life? Yes why? In order to carry the gospel. Yes, in order that the world may know the beauty and power of Anarchism. Yet we freely admit if the friends of MOTHER EARTH would manifest more interest in paying their subscriptions and getting up new ones, we would not have to rush so much. E. G. is but human and she cannot stand many more such years as the last. Under all sorts of circumstances, and in all kinds of weather she was on the platform 321 times last year.

THE BLAST

Dear Friend:

These days of great struggles urgently demand a militant labor voice to aid the workers in their battles.

The Blast will be such a voice. A revolutionary labor weekly, edited by ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

The time has come to gather together, so to speak, the scattered forces of discontent and help them find definite expression.

I am planning to have for *The Blast* regular correspondences from the various industrial centers of America, Europe and Australia. I hold that one of the most important things in the publication of a revolutionary weekly is to keep the rebels throughout the world in closer touch with each other and informed of the labor

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

and revolutionary situation in the different countries. It helps to stimulate the spirit of solidarity and encourages activity.

The other departments of *The Blast* will be: a strong anti-militarism and anti-preparedness column; a page dealing with the vital, social and economic questions; a "Chain Gang" department, containing news from Labor's prisoners of war—on trial and in prison—stories of prison life, etc.; a column devoted to the discussion of special labor questions and general human problems; a Children's Department, with the view of ultimately establishing a circle of Ferrer Schools throughout the country.

First issue of *The Blast,* January 15th, 1916.

The life of the paper and the success of its work will depend upon *your* interest and co-operation.

Send subscriptions or contributions to *The Blast,* Box 661, San Francisco.

Fraternally,
ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

FREE THOUGHT AND SOCIALISM

BY WALTER MERCHANT

SOCIALISTS everywhere have their eyes on Oklahoma. The Appeal to Reason unfurls the banner: "Oklahoma for Socialism." And there is no doubt that Socialism is spreading in Oklahoma.

The past summer I attended a number of gatherings of Socialists in Southwest Oklahoma. Stanley J. Clark, well known in Texas and Oklahoma as an orator, Socialist propagandist and Free Thought Debater, also the publisher of an independent monthly in Dallas, Texas, is a perennial, outspoken Rationalist. The larger portion of the other Socialist speakers are appealing to superstition and prejudice. Judge Hurt, a "shining light" among the "comrades" publicly proclaims that he is not an infidel, but that the Oklahoma school books do teach evolution and atheism. Preachers are getting popular; talent is not as necessary to propaganda as Godliness. It is not uncommon to see agnostics looking for some sky pilot to put Socialism over on the unsuspecting populace.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

And a wonderful effect these vendors of superstition are having on the poor, benighted "wage slave!"

One John A. Currie of San Antonio, Texas,—who formerly prefixed a "Rev." to his name, delivers a lecture: "Christ's Message to the Masses," dexterously handled; and democrats, republicans, and preachers are challenged to controvert his statements. After the discourse is finished should any one have the temerity to criticise the sermon, some comrade enquires if we believe in the Bible. "Christ's Message to the Masses" and other concomitant "messages" that appeal to the emotions is helping their cause.

Socialist lectures are not Socialist lectures at all, but an attempt to transfer the church people from the two old parties to the Socialist party. Mrs. Korngold of Chicago, who delivered a number of lectures under the auspices of the Southwestern Encampment Association, may it be said to her credit, spoke intelligently without referring to any thing "spooky" other than the phantasmagoria of Socialism.

The perpetual candidate for Congress, from the Seventh Congressional District, Mr. Stallard, has written a book denying that Socialists believe in "Free Love," Atheism, or infidelity; and proceeds to prove that the text books of the state, with the Democratic party in power, do teach Darwinism and atheism. These pedantic sticklers for evolution are going to let the "moss back" Democrats teach the rising generation that man came from lower forms of life while they (the Socialists) complacently resign themselves to the Adam and Eve story.

At Duke, Oklahoma, Comrade Covington of Greer county, made a short talk advertising E. V. Debs, who was to speak in Mangum at the Greer County Fair. During the course of his remarks, he requested those in the audience who believed in atheism, infidelity, free love, and "white slavery" to hold up their hands. Lo! and behold—not a single Socialist would venture to raise his hand—but when the proposition was reversed and all that were arrayed against atheism, infidelity, free love, and "white slavery," a number of the comrades true to their respectability, Christian piety, and devotion held up their hands.

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

At Snyder, Rev. Enfield took charge of the encampment, and styled himself "A Christian and a Socialist." These meetings were to be held in the City Park, but on account of rain, two of the lectures were delivered in one of the churches, where we sung the old familiar hymn: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Mrs. Korngold, taking advantage of this memorable occasion, incidentally spoke of Darwin and Ingersoll. However, the comrades are not enthusiastic over these evolutionary digressions, and no doubt some pious fraud will be found with a "message" that will "appeal."

Run down ministers with worn out salaries, would do well to take notice; become "class conscious" Socialists and take up the cause of the "down-trodden!"

* * *

REVOLT

Comrades and Co-workers in the struggle for a free humanity: we are living in a period of tremendous transformation of society; we are witnessing the breakdown of all moral, social, artistic and economic values, hitherto praised as sacrosanct. To be able to interpret this transvaluation of old standards and to expound the new signs of regeneration we are in need of a new medium of expression. We need a live weekly revolutionary organ. A weekly paper which will interpret the new tendencies in art, science, literature and in the revolutionary labor movement. A Free-lance which will fight the battles of *all* workers. No affiliation with any particular organization. Independent expression and uncensored information. A resume of weekly happenings. Real news and no cumbersome dissertation. Here it is!

REVOLT

The stormy petrel of the revolutionary movement.

Men and women active in the combat for emancipation will supply news from the firing line. Some of our best writers and artists promise their co-operation.

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL, Editor ROBERT MINOR, Cartoonist

ADVISORY BOARD:

Leonard D. Abbott
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn
Alexander Berkman
Harry Kelly
Margaret H. Sanger

Are you interested in our efforts? If so send in your subscription or contribution. No funds are behind our undertaking.

Mail your subscription or contribution to the

REVOLT, 63 E. 107th Street, New York, N. Y.

Tel. Harlem 4035

One Year $1.00 Six Months 50 cents Three Months 25 cents

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

TWO WEEKS ENLIGHTENMENT FOR CHICAGO

BY BEN MANDELL

"EMMA GOLDMAN! Is she here again? Can we never get rid of her?" And the lawyer wrathfully threw the advertising card on his desk.

But on the 21st of November, at 7.45 p. m. this same lawyer with a lady on each side of him walked into the Fine Arts Theatre to hear the first lecture, on "Preparedness."

Emma Goldman is invincible. Emma Goldman has forced her philosophy upon the attention of America, especially young America, and she is just beginning to reap the reward of her toil. She has won her way into the hearts and minds of the thinking people, against their own will, as it were. Hammering persistently against superstition and ignorance, shattering the gods and idols of a money-crazed people, showing up the hypocrisy and rottenness and the smug, self-satisfied complacency of our whole social system in all its hideous colors: and above all, battling against the persecution of the police throughout the country. Is it any wonder that after a quarter of a century in this titanic struggle Emma Goldman should come out triumphant among the tottering gods, shams and lies which she has wrecked?

Every great cause has its great men and women, its great characters who make that cause possible. In all the great religious, political and social philosophies which history records there have been a few grand personalities who by the power of their character, their love, their perseverence and courage have succeeded in breaking through the inertia which is forever encrusting the people, and arousing them to a critical surveillance of their lives and the institutions under which they live. It is not enough that the people should know there are certain ills in society. Knowledge alone will not induce them to eradicate those ills. The knowledge that slavery is immoral and a crime did not suffice to awaken the average mind to the need of abolishing chattel slavery. But the eloquence of a Phillips or a Garrison, the heroic deed of a John Brown had the more salutary effect of firing the

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

feelings and emotions of the people and their determination to abolish slavery.

And Anarchism has for its champion in this country Emma Goldman.

What an interesting volume could be written about the activities of this indefatigable worker for the cause of anarchy. What dangers, what courage, what zeal, what humor and pathos and satire would be depicted in those pages as the incidents of her life from her awakening in her girlhood through the murder of the Chicago Anarchists, would unfold itself.

As I sat in the Fine Arts Theatre night after night listening to the masterly arraignment of our institutions, or the eloquent pleading for the rights of the child, or the scholarly interpretation of Nietzsche's philosophy, I felt sure that every person within her hearing inwardly agreed with Emma Goldman. Yet such is the tragedy of the average man that he is too cowardly to stand by what he really believes for fear of offending and getting into the bad graces of god, the law, morality, the family or any other institution that has become decayed with age.

Sixteen lectures were delivered in the short stay of two weeks. The attendance for the nine lectures at the Fine Arts was remarkable, considering the conspiracy of silence which the Chicago newspapers are still maintaining, in not even accepting a paid advertisement. Indeed, so strict is the censorship of those higher up that when the city editor of the "Post" sent a reporter to interview E. G., who consumed two valuable hours in asking such intellectual questions as: "Do you still believe in Anarchism, Miss Goldman?"—not a single line appeared in the paper.

The six Jewish lectures, contrary to all custom and expectation were poorly attended, probably owing to the Garment Workers' Strike, which has sapped all the vitality and resources of the Jewish population. Nevertheless, they made up in quality what they lacked in numbers. One other lecture was given in Pullman on "Birth Control."

Of course the sex lectures predominated both in point of interest and attendance. On November 27th, when the subject was "Sex, the Great Element of Creative

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Art," and December 4th, on "Birth Control," when fully 200 people were turned away, the questions and discussion were the most intelligent I have yet heard at any meeting.

The lecture on "Birth Control" needs a chapter by itself. For it marked a distinct victory for the promulgators of methods for the prevention of conception. While William Sanger was still serving time in the workhouse for innocently giving a spy his wife's pamphlet on Family Limitation, Emma Goldman was telling 800 people, medical students and doctors, forming a part part of the audience, with a dozen special policemen occupying the front row—who by the way paid their admission, to the amazement of E. G.—how not to have many children.

But after all the proof that these lectures were the most successful ever held in Chicago lies in the enormous amount of literature sold. Never in the experience of E. G. has there been such a demand for Anarchist books and pamphlets. Many important books were sold out before half of the lectures were delivered.

Emma Goldman has left us and does not intend to visit us again until next Fall. But the men and women who attended her course of lectures will not be put off in this manner; and a movement will be started that will create such a demand for her work here that she will be forced to return in two or three months.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

VOICES FROM THE PRISON

The following manifesto was written in prison by two Anarchist comrades, who were the victims of the French Government in 1912. At that time, during the Balkan War, they were members of the Anarchist Federation of Paris, and were collaborators with H. Combes and others on *Le Mouvement Anarchiste*. The strong anti-militarist attitude of that paper, almost the only one opposed to the Balkan War, roused the wrath of the Government. The paper and press were seized, some of the comrades sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment, and others expelled from the country; while their organization lost its best and most devoted members. The comrades who have written this manifesto give us an example of courage and self-sacrifice by issuing it for publication at a time when they are still in the hands of the tyrants who oppress them and also the people of France.

* * *

TO ANARCHISTS, TO SYNDICALISTS, TO MEN

For a year already, thirty millions of men, provided with the most perfect instruments of murder, have been thrown one against the other. For a year there has been over all of Europe an unheard-of slaughter before which the most frightful records of history pale. More than seven million corpses have already strewn the gigantic field of carnage. More than seven millions of invalids embarrass the hospitals, or are brought back with their flesh mutilated, a living witness of this infernal fight

Everywhere, mourning, misery, suffering. Everywhere, mothers, wives, and children with hearts tortured with anguish, or ravaged by sorrow. Everywhere eyes full of tears. Everywhere, distress, desolation, and death.

And why? Because it was expedient for Governments, our masters, to send their human herds to this execrable butchery. Because the politics, the interests, the ambitions of the dominant classes demanded it. Because capitalist barbarity, the rivalry of plutocrats for conquest and the exploitation of the world, made this fearful conflict necessary. Because the States to-day engaged in war are all a prey to enormous internal difficulties—economic, financial, political, or social—which it is necessary for them to elude at any cost. Also, and above all, because it is necessary to save the masters from the threatening demands of the international proletariat. Favored by years of peace, the people begin at last to know themselves and to respect themselves; national hatreds and prejudices are disappearing. The proletarians of all countries are more and more conscious of the identity of their own interests, of the community of their ideals. And the time seemed to be approaching when the pariahs of the whole world, attacking and overturning bourgeois order, were going to establish a more humane and harmonious society.

The privileged class have decided otherwise To the same thoughts of their slaves they oppose the most frightful diversion by imposing this war.

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

To avoid disloyalty amongst their troops—revolts always possible—to create a fictitious enthusiasm in favor of their sinister enterprise, the French, German, or other Governments have carefully deceived and perverted public opinion. An easy thing to do, when one has prudently abolished all freedom of the Press and of Speech, and proscribed all independent thought. Ah! one does not tell the mob the real capitalistic reasons for the war. But one muddles it up with sonorous words and audacious lies. Orations by Poincaré or William II., by Viviani or Bethmann-Hollweg—the same phrases, the same invocations to Right, to Justice, to all complacent entities. All rulers throw upon their enemies the responsibility for the drama. And all of them prove their fierce love of peace and humanity by absolutely refusing to interrupt the carnage until "Justice" shall have triumphed—and also certain more concrete interests!

Certainly there are men who have their reasons, very good reasons, for desiring the continuation of the war—war "to the finish." There are all those who draw enormous advantages from universal misfortune. The Schneiders and the Krupps, whose amount of business is becoming prodigious. All the gang of more or less conscientious Army contractors. The speculators who monopolize corn, meat, and all commodities, and resell at famine prices. The large bankers, to whom the issue of colossal loans brings tremendous commission, the rate of which will grow the more thousands of millions shall be thrown into the whirlpool. Politicians—necessary accessories to stock-jobbers and other financial sharks. Also the small fry of opportunists, intriguers, and journalists who manufacture heroism with the skins of others and who maintain lucratively the business of patriot.

But the disinherited, the workers, the revolutionists, what have they to expect in return for the monstrous sacrifices, for the fratricides, that have been exacted of them? Nothing but an increase of misery and humiliation; crushing taxes; the condition of the wage-earner aggravated by the fact that very many women, deprived of their supporters, will be forced to work very cheap in order to live. Workers' organizations reduced to skeletons; a set-back to all ideas of emancipation; mistrust and rancor between workers of different countries. Behold the benefits of war for the proletariat!

Revolutionists have neglected their duty, have failed in their pledges, in not opposing this dreadful scourge, in not rising in insurrection against those who have dared to inflict it. But if there is much that is irreparable, at least let us have enough energy to put an end to this work of extermination.

Comrades of France, we must regain possession of ourselves!

* * *

In all other countries the workers' protest has already been heard.

In Russia, revolutionists and nearly all Socialists are against

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

the war; also thousands of them are languishing in the prisons of Siberia

In England, the underhand dealings of the capitalists are opposed by strikes, and a large section of the Socialist Party resist the bloody politics of the governing classes.

In Germany, Anarchists, faithful to their principles, have nearly all paid with their liberty for the cleanness of their attitude. From the Socialist side, eloquent and vehement interventions are made against this bellicose folly and patriotic corruption. And we must recognize that the Social Democrats, so severely blamed, so decried, and sometimes so much to be criticised, have attempted repeatedly to lead the Socialist Parties of other countries to plan together in favor of peace, and that these appeals have been, until now, rendered vain by the rabid Jingoism of our own Socialists.

In France, Socialists have accepted every compromise, including the participation by three of them in a Government of dictators, and have become the warmest defenders of warlike politics. The C. G. T. has also failed to justify its past. Those who should have given the example of courage and of sacrifice have betrayed their organizations and have violated the meaning of Syndicalism by putting it under the guardianship of politicians and at the service of Jingoistic passions.

Shall it be said that all have submitted to the influence of such impulses? We know that the Syndicalists who do not conspire with power are numerous. That Anarchists who have renounced nothing of their ideas are numerous, and also that there are numerous revolutionists who have ridiculed the sophistical arguments of a certain Press. But it is not sufficient to deplore in the depths of one's conscience the abominations of the present time. We shall all be equally responsible for these calamities with those who are the direct instigators if by weakness and cowardice we fear to make the voice of humanity and reason heard.

Militants of France, let us at last combine our efforts with those of our brothers who in Germany, in England, in Russia are fighting courageously, often heroically, against this abominable war. Let us unite our efforts, so that thousands of workers may cease to slaughter each other; so that the Workers' International, whose death the reactionaries proclaim, may come to life again with the glory of having saved the world from the cataclysm born of bourgeois appetites.

Enough barbarity! Enough blood!
Let us demand peace!
Let us impose peace!

LOUIS LECOIN, PIERRE RUFF,
Political Prisoners.

Caen Prison, August, 1915.

From London Freedom.—

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A BRIEF SOJOURN

By SOL. DAVIS, (ENGLAND)

IT was a dark night; a stormy night, a night of anxiety, of perilous adventure and hair-breadth escapes, and I began to despair of it ever drawing to a close. Who therefore, can imagine my delight when I at last perceived, at the far horizon, the first streaks of approaching dawn? Gradually the thick mist in which the world lay enveloped began to disperse and a forest of steeples, towers, spires and chimneys disclosed itself to my view. Presently I stood before the gates of a vast and mighty city; and heaving a sigh of relief, I fell down tired, exhausted with the long, the interminably long night's wandering.

When I opened my eyes I had to shut them quickly again; for the sun had already travelled a considerable distance up the sky and the rays it shed upon the earth were too strong for my unaccustomed sight. However I soon got used to their brilliancy, and I looked wistfully about me to see what manner of place I lighted upon.

The first thing that struck me was the quietness of the streets, and I began to wonder if it wasn't the custom of the people in this place to sleep by day and wake by night; when suddenly I heard the uneven step of a hunch-backed old man, who was slowly approaching in the direction where I stood. As soon as he came near enough to be aware of my presence, he stopped, pulled out a pair of spectacles from his inside coat-pocket, adjusted them on the tip of his nose, and lifting his head to the desired and appropriate angle, subjected me to a close and careful scrutiny.

"Ah, a young man!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, as though it was the rarest thing he could expect to see that morning. "No wonder you are up so early."

"Early!" I said, glancing at my watch, and up at the sun and looking with suspicion at both.

"You see," explained the old man, it's early for us here. We are not young people."

"Why, are there no young people among you?" I asked somewhat amazed.

"Ah, very few,—few young men, at least. Don't you see, the last great war has taken them all away from us.

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Some have come back, but these are not yet able to be about."

"Why do you call it the great war?"

"You see, people call it the great war for different reasons. I think it was great, indeed the greatest that ever took place, in so far that it demonstrated and realized the laws of nature to an extent which no previous war has ever done. It has revealed to us the real meaning of the eternal universal clash of things, of the struggle of opposing forces and opened our eyes to the workings of the great law of life, of the world's progress,—of the survival of the fittest. You see, young man, that's why I call it the great war. Hi, hi, hi! That's why——"

And he hopped away with his quick, uneven steps, leaving me with the impression that I was talking to a man of unusual wisdom and learning.

I do not know how long I stood pondering over the problem of the relationship between the great war and the survival of the fittest, but when I raised my head I saw a long procession of men and women, all rather advanced in years, and each one wearing a number on the breast. I marveled at the sight, especially when I observed that a large proportion of them were either cripples or invalids, and could only proceed with difficulty. But they dared not stop or lag behind, as there were a number of gendarmes on horseback on either side, guarding the procession.

I was so engrossed in the spectacle, that I did not notice that I myself got somehow mixed up with the procession, and was walking right in the midst of it, until I observed the man by my side eyed me with surprise and suspicion, which I understood was occasioned by my not wearing a number or label as the rest of them did.

"Are you all prisoners?" I said to him.

"No Sir, we are marching to the factory."

"So you have slavery still existing in your country?" I observed.

'Oh, no!" he answered somewhat offended. Not slavery. Sir, not slavery. But it is the organization of industry, which was undertaken since the great war——"

"Yes, yes," I hurried to apologize, the great war, I did not think. But——"

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"The great war certainly. And well does it deserve that name. For, never before was a war entered into with such noble purpose, with such grand aims, and for such glorious ideals as the liberty and independence both of nations and individuals."

The mention of liberty at once threw me into a state of contemplation, which caused me to alter unconsciously the course of my steps, and thus I proceeded in a quite different direction.

Ere long I found myself in an open square, in the midst of a group of young men of about the age of nineteen who were standing opposite a large building.

"Are you this year's?" said to me one bright fellow.

"This year's what?" I asked.

"A stranger! exclaimed another. "Don't you see? We are young conscripts, come up for the annual examination. There are not many of us, for the majority of young people were killed in the last great war."

"Ah, yes, the great war," I said.

"The great war, indeed! interposed a grey-eyed, red-haired youth, who was talking much faster than I could manage to follow. "The greatest war in history. For can you show me another war, of all the wars that have ever been fought, that was undertaken with such grand motives, for the attainment of such an object—? For this militarism, this incubus, this canker upon the social body became too threatening, too oppressive, too unbearable for the whole world, and mankind had to make up its mind to do away with it once and for all, to abolish it, to crush it, to destroy it utterly, root and branch. Otherwise...."

At this moment a door in the building opposite was flung open, and the group of young men immediately formed up in a line, and walked silently in.

I remained standing for some time, with my eyes fixed on the door, and thinking of the red haired youth, when suddenly I heard some chanting voices. When I turned round I was surprised to see at the other end of the square a large assembly of people, with torches in their hands; singing hymns.

"A Jesuit procession!" I exclaimed, for it was an unusual sight for me.

Presently a black-robed, stern-faced man mounted

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

silence among them, and everyone listened with eagerness. I, too, strained my ears; but being at a considerable distance, I could only catch certain detatched phrases such as "a holy war," "a time of baptism and purification," "uplifting of the soul," "duty to fight," "for the glory of God."

As it was now high time for me to leave, I did not stop to hear more, but began to look about for the nearest way that should lead me out of that place. But, this, I found, was not an easy task, for the city was limitless in extent, and I was continually losing myself in a maze of numberless streets and lanes.

As I was looking bewilderingly about me, wondering which way to take, I perceived some figure upon the steps of a rich and stately mansion. There arose within me a feeling of curiosity, and I stepped nearer to see what it was, and behold, it was the figure of a woman.

There she sat; her knees drawn up to her chin, her face hollow and wrinkled, and her eyes staring vacantly before them.

"Good day, mother," I said to her. At the word "mother" she started up, and looked sharply into my face. Then she sat down again, her tears gushing freely from her eyes. I questioned her on the cause of her troubles, and she told me between her sobs, that her "three sons were killed in the great war for the protection of our country. And now I am...."

A man in livery appeared in the door, and the woman jumped up, started, and walked quickly away. For a while I stood looking after her—a moving bundle of rags. Then I too walked away, as fast as I could, taking the first and nearest road which seemed to me to be leading out of that city.

* * *

THE HARBOR

By Ernest Poole

Lee J. Smits

IT is necessary now and then to point out the obvious fact that there are two distinct and equally valuable kinds of propaganda. They might be termed education and agitation. Sometimes they are combined in a single utterance, but there is no pushing ahead without them both.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

For example, it is not enough to show a man that he is exploited. He must be aroused to resist exploitation. Nor can he be aroused unless he seizes firmly upon the idea of his exploitation.

A deliberate mixture of art and propaganda is an abomination, yet every true artist is constrained to paint life in such clear terms that its evils stand out; which is, of course, educational propaganda.

These kindergarten remarks have to do with a novel, one of a procession of books, we may safely announce, that herald the awakening of America. The Harbor, by Ernest Poole,* is a book which ten years ago would have been almost unintelligible to the bulk of the reading public. Its message has long been familiar to the working class, but who shall say that middle-class America is not entitled to salvation?

Mr. Poole faithfully mastered his tools before he fashioned this work which has made secure his fame. Many books crammed with truth and beauty are difficult to read; they are cumbersome, heaped up with words, or contain faults which swerve attention from the main theme. The Harbor is pure delight from the standpoint of craftsmanship. I should like to see it laid on the library table of every reactionary. It would be read for its qualities of entertainment and in the end would leave the backward-looking spirit blinking in the white light of to-day's realities. Deftly and gently Mr. Poole sets about his task of telling a life story in which are revealed the terrific conflicts taking place in the social and industrial worlds.

New York harbor is the center about which a man of genius assembles his thoughts and emotions from childhood to maturity. We glimpse first the vanishing day when American clipper ships lorded it over the commerce of both hemispheres; a period when labor unrest was almost unheard of. The forces of modern industry are entering upon their reign as the novel opens. The boy, blessed with a sympathetic mother, goes to Paris to complete his training in letters and hopes to keep himself completely clear of the taint and grime of the harbor and to dwell in regions of pure beauty of thought. His feet, in consequence, never quite touch the earth. He

*Macmillan Co., Publishers (To be had through Mother Earth.)

Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

belongs to the old aristocracy of solid wealth plus a religious regard for culture and for family ties—a thing radically different from the feverish high society of modern New York. On this plane of gentle illusion, of sweet shelter, veiled from the harsher actualities, his life touches that of the girl playmate who is to become his wife. He has seen the sordidness of the harbor on runaway excursions in boyhood and it represents in his imagination all that is repulsive and poisonous.

The girl reveals to him, through her father, a master-engineer, a new harbor. He comes to worship the powers that are "doing things" in America. Their new god is Efficiency. He celebrates in magazine writings their triumphs; success and a comfortable home are his rewards.

From his college days onward the disturbing influence in his life has been a hard-thinking friend who, despising the pretty fancies which the boy exalts as Art, enters into newspaper work because of his violent desire to get at the fact of life. When the limitations of journalism cramp him he turns his back on that profession and becomes an agitator, mingles with the primitive men and women who are shaking their fists at oppression.

The boy's sister, a dabbler in "movements," falls in love with Joe. Here is narrated with profound sympathy and vivid realism the journey of a soul, with its companion souls, up to the heights where the mighty winds blow cold and free. It is not a place for weaklings and the sister, when her lover faces the electric chair for participation in a strike, shrinks from the demands that life makes of those who would live with their eyes open and their destinies in their own hands.

Joe ships out to the trenches of Europe on a mission of revolt, with every prospect of being ignominiously dispatched and the novel ends with the blending of pain and happiness, of light and shadow which is the constant portion of every mortal.

The Harbor may not be the great American novel, but is a great American novel. It is being read eagerly in the upholstered regions where ideas are just beginning to upset the orderly routine of the gods of things as they are supposed to be. It is actually a best seller, which should uplift the weary heart of revolutionism, if that heart ever grows weary, indeed.

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ATTENTION!

SAN FRANCISCO

INTERNATIONAL BALL

given at San Francisco Turn Verein Hall

2460 Sutter St., near Devisadero St.

Saturday Evening, January 15th, 1916

ADMISSION 25 Cents

Proceeds for **THE BLAST**, the new weekly revolutionary labor paper to be issued in San Francisco, January 15th, 1916.

The International Radical Library of Chicago has instituted a reading room and a circulating library from which people interested in modern literature will be able to procure radical books and pamphlets. We appeal to every comrade for donations of as many books as they can spare. We plan a series of lectures to be given as often as possible for the purpose of spreading Anarchist Ideals among the Masses. Send all contributions to

MAX CHARNICK, Sec'y.,
712 S. Loomis St.,
Chicago, Ill.

The Poet in the Desert

BY CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

A series of poems with the atmosphere of "The Great American Desert." The thought is pantheistic and revolutionary. For sale: In New York—The Masses Bookstore, 142 West 23d Street; MOTHER EARTH, 20 East 125th Street; and Brentanos. Chicago—Walter Hill, Marshall Field Building. San Francisco—The White House.

PRICE $1.00

Digitized by Google

Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY

ANARCHIST LITERATURE

FOR SALE BY

MOTHER EARTH

By EMMA GOLDMAN

		Postage
Anarchism and Other Essays (with Biography)	$1.00	.10
Social Significance of the Modern Drama	1.00	.15
Anarchism and What It Really Stands For	.10	
Syndicalism	.05	
Patriotism	.05	
Marriage and Love	.10	
Victims of Morality and Failure of Christianity	.10	

By PETER KROPOTKIN

The Great French Revolution, 1789—1793	$2.00	.20
Mutual Aid	.50	.15
Memoirs of a Revolutionist	2.00	.20
Conquest of Bread	.50	.05
Fields, Factories and Workshops	.50	.05
Modern Science and Anarchism	.25	
Anarchist Communism	.05	
The Commune of Paris	.05	
The Wage System	.05	
Expropriation	.05	
Law and Authority	.05	
War and Capitalism	.05	
An Appeal to the Young	.05	

Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist, by ALEXANDER BERKMAN	1.25	.15
Selected Works, Biography, Poems, Essays, and Stories, by VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE	1.00	.15
God and the State, by MICHAEL BAKUNIN	.25	
Anarchism—An able and impartial study, by PAUL ELTZBACHER	1.50	.15
The Ego and His Own, by MAX STIRNER	.75	.15
Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists	.75	.10
Liberty and the Great Libertarians, by CHARLES T. SPRADING	1.50	.15
The Science of Society, by STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS	1.50	.15
Anarchism and Malthus, by C. L. JAMES	.05	
The Right to Ignore the State, by HERBERT SPENCER	.05	
What Is Property? by P. J. PROUDHON	1.00	.15
Free Speech for Radicals, by THEODORE SCHROEDER	.25	
Evolution and Revolution, by ELISEE RECLUS	.05	
The Bomb, by FRANK HARRIS	.75	.15
Plays by HENRIK IBSEN (paper cover), each	.25	.05
Plays by AUGUST STRINDBERG (paper cover), each	.40	.05
Plays by BERNARD SHAW (paper cover), each	.40	.05
King Hunger, by LEONID ANDREYEV	1.00	.15
Plays by GALSWORTHY, each	.60	.10
Works of FREDERICK NIETZSCHE, each	1.75	.15
The Origin and Ideals of the Modern School, by FRANCISCO FERRER	1.00	.10
A Vindication of Natural Society, by EDMUND BURKE	.25	.05
News From Nowhere, by WILLIAM MORRIS	.50	.05
What Every Girl Should Know, by MARGARET SANGER	.50	.10
What Every Mother Should Know, by MARGARET SANGER	.50	.10
Songs of Rebellion, by ADOLF WOLFF	1.00	.10
Syndicalism in France, by DR. LOUIS LEVINE	1.50	.15

Digitized by Google
Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY